

**ambedo**

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/28429467) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/28429467>.

Rating:	<a href="#">Teen And Up Audiences</a>
Archive Warning:	<a href="#">No Archive Warnings Apply</a>
Category:	<a href="#">M/M</a>
Fandom:	<a href="#">Minecraft (Video Game)</a> , <a href="#">Video Blogging RPF</a>
Relationship:	<a href="#">Clay   Dream/GeorgeNotFound (Video Blogging RPF)</a> , <a href="#">Clay   Dream &amp; GeorgeNotFound (Video Blogging RPF)</a> , <a href="#">Clay   Dream &amp; Sapnap (Video Blogging RPF)</a> , <a href="#">GeorgeNotFound &amp; Sapnap (Video Blogging RPF)</a>
Character:	<a href="#">Clay   Dream (Video Blogging RPF)</a> , <a href="#">GeorgeNotFound (Video Blogging RPF)</a> , <a href="#">Sapnap (Video Blogging RPF)</a> , <a href="#">Darryl Noveschosch</a> , <a href="#">Zak Ahmed</a> , <a href="#">Karl Jacobs</a>
Additional Tags:	<a href="#">Alternate Universe - Harry Potter Setting</a> , <a href="#">Alternate Universe - Hogwarts</a> , <a href="#">Hurt/Comfort</a> , <a href="#">Pining</a> , <a href="#">Thestrals (Harry Potter)</a> , <a href="#">Quidditch</a> , <a href="#">Metamorphmagus</a> , <a href="#">Hogsmeade</a> , <a href="#">Misunderstandings</a> , <a href="#">no beta we die like george in manhunt</a> , <a href="#">Fluff</a> , <a href="#">Fluff and Humor</a> , <a href="#">Strangers to Lovers</a> , <a href="#">Ilvermorny</a> , <a href="#">Miscommunication</a>
Language:	English
Collections:	<a href="#">MCYT</a> , <a href="#">The Hall™</a>
Stats:	Published: 2020-12-30 Words: 15156

**ambedo**

by [solochimmy](#)

## Summary

George chokes on his spit, angrily snapping his Sugar Quill in half. He looks mournfully at the two sugary halves before shoving one in his mouth, chewing it in exasperation. “I don’t have a crush.”

“Oh! We’re talking about Dream!” Sapnap leans against George, his legs neatly placed in Bad’s lap. “Yeah, you do dude. You literally went bright red at the end of the Quidditch match the other day,” Sapnap gleefully comments, snatching the other half of the broken Sugar Quill and popping it in his mouth.

“Stop it, I don’t have a crush on Dream!” George spits out loudly, watching as Techno and Wilbur look over curiously, chuckling at him before turning back to their game. George wants to Obliviate himself on the spot.

## Notes

This was supposed to be a drabble.  
I literally titled my Google Doc 'Drabble'.

I have now, over a period of three months, written 15k of Harry Potter MCYT fluff.  
Help me.

TWs: underage drinking, panic attacks and oblivious Georgenotfound.

As always, if the DreamTeam or anyone in my fic expresses that fanfiction or my fanfic, in particular, makes them uncomfortable I will not hesitate to take this down. I'm no artist so I hope my love for writing can pass off for an alternative.

But other than that enjoy, and I'll see you down the bottom ~

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

ambedo

*n. a kind of melancholic trance in which you become completely absorbed in vivid sensory details—raindrops skittering down a window, tall trees leaning in the wind, clouds of cream swirling in your coffee—briefly soaking in the experience of being alive, an act that is done purely for its own sake.*

---

If George was frankly honest, he couldn't give a rat's ass that the new boy had colour-changing hair. He sat minding his own business at the Ravenclaw table, silently munching on his piece of toast and quietly turning the pages of the *Daily Prophet*, all while attempting to block out the gossip of the transfer student.

He feels someone sliding in the seat next to him and tries to feign ignorance.

“If I'd known that multi-coloured hair was a way to woo the ladies, I would've visited the Weasley's with a business proposal,” Skeppy jests lightly, snatching the newspaper from George's grip.

George sighs in annoyance. He turns and faces the Gryffindor with a scowl on his face. “I was trying to read that you know.”

“As if, you've been stuck on that page all morning! What's it about anyway?” He violently opens the paper to the page George had been burning holes into. “Oh, who would have guessed that our little Georgie was so invested in the latest range of dragonhide gloves! Huh, there's a sale on too!” Skeppy mocks, slowly invading George's personal space. If it weren't for the fact that Skeppy, somehow, managed to become a prefect, George would have stunned him out of sheer annoyance.

“Oi, leave him alone Skeppy. Let’s focus on the fact that you’ve barely started the Potion essay due today,” a voice appears and Skeppy squawks in panic. Bad sits to his left with a fond smile, his dark hair fanning across his face as the morning sun deifies the boy. George couldn’t help but laugh at the sudden snarky comment despite the angelic behaviour exhibited by the Hufflepuff.

George finishes his last bite of toast, savouring the sweet, fruity spread that danced across his taste-buds. “Speaking of Potions, I’ve gotta start making my way down to the dungeons. Professor Bardroy’s starting our NEWTs this year and I’ll need all the help I can get,” George mutters, wiping his hands on his robes.

“Do you think he’ll know a potion to make my hair change colour?”

With a sigh, George makes a shooing gesture with his hand in the direction of the metamorphmagus student, a large group of girls flocking the boy at the Slytherin table.

“C’mon,” Bad reassures, clasping his hands together, “I heard he’s actually really nice and that he’s actually transferred with his cousin from Ilvermorny!” George huffs, closing his eyes and burying his head in his hands. He feels pounding at the back of his head and he winces at the thought of getting a migraine at the beginning of a school day. Sitting up, he glimpses at the enchanted ceiling, hoping that the alluring specks of white clouds dancing alongside the brilliant acres of blue could drown out the noise echoing across the Great Hall.

“I’m going to be late for Potions,” George states after a few seconds of watching the bewitched ceiling. “I’ll see you two at lunch.” The two boys quickly wave as he rises from the Ravenclaw table and starts on his way out of the Great Hall, glancing at the Slytherin table one last time. Brown meets light yellow eyes, and his gaze locks onto the new student. Startled, he turns and makes his way out of the hall, down towards the cold and gloomy dungeons.

~

The lake was a sanctuary that George used to escape the confining halls of the castle. While the castle is enchanting with halls full of unbridled magic and history, it’s no match for the faint, autumn breeze that creates an illusion of soft touches and whispers down by the water. Taking refuge under a nearby tree, George wraps his Ravenclaw sweater tightly around himself, curling up on the trunk of the tree. He stares fondly across the lake as the Giant Squid’s limbs slowly dance across the water, it’s arms circling in a waving manner. George breathes out, a muted melody shattering the tranquillity of peace.

Turning to his brown, tattered sling bag, he takes out his a few parchments of paper, a Self-Inking Quill, and his *Spellman's Syllabary* in hopes of getting a few paragraphs in for the Ancient Runes essay Professor Odel assigned.

There were only a few other students who'd continued Ancient Runes on the NEWT levels. George naturally felt he was required to. With his *Outstanding* in his O.W.L.s, his father's leg in the Ancient Rune department in the Ministry, and a certain knack for rune translation, it seemed to be an acceptable decision to continue.

Regardless, even after several minutes of deciphering lost runes, George grows restless. He pauses halfway through his second paragraph, putting his quill down and pushing his essay away. He decides, half-heartedly, that he'll continue the translation in the safety of the library and takes out his wand.

With a quick flick, George conjures a small ring of chittering bluebirds from the falling leaves, they begin quickly circling around his head. The birds were silhouettes against the peach-kissed skies. Only an hour ago they would have been nothing but a backdrop against the starking blue sky, their twittering being the only indicator of any movement. He stares, transfixed, as they slowly fall out of order and start fluttering in different directions, never straying too far from George's vision.

It's an easy charm, something he shouldn't be so exceptionally proud of. But he can't help but feel a small dread of dissatisfaction that comes from it. Claws of doubt slowly invading his vision, telling him it's simple. The truth is, George doesn't think he's *that* smart. He just works hard and does his homework on time and studies as much as he can.

He wants to be extraordinary, to be different and stand out from the crowd instead of being the stereotypical Ravenclaw student who excelled in academics. He wishes, quite stupidly, that he was like the new boy with colour-changing hair. Unique. Different. Magnetic.

"Genuinely, I don't get this huge fuss about his hair, it all looks like piss to me," George mutters to himself, running a hand through his own dark brown hair in annoyance.

A kettle-like wheeze erupts behind George. Startling him, he jumps up and whirls around, pointing his wand in the direction of the intruder. The person pauses for a moment, caught in between fits of laughter, and draws himself to his full height. George's breath hitches.

*You've got to be kidding .*

“What spell is that?”

“Were you spying on me?” George asks incredulously, lowering his wand slightly. He stares, face flushed in embarrassment at being caught. Turning away from the metamorphmagus, he scrambles to grab his belongings and roughly stashes his essay into his sling bag. George wishes Apparition inside Hogwarts was legal.

“No, no, no! Look, I just got here. I’m sorry I had no idea anyone was here until I saw the birds,” the boy hurriedly speaks, pointing at the bluebirds sitting on the tree branch. “I’m Clay, but my friends call me Dream.”

“I wasn’t aware we were *friends*,” George replies in a lilting voice, taking out his now crumpled essay. He looks at it, tutting in annoyance.

“What can I say, I’m an optimist and a social butterfly.”

George quirks an eyebrow. Scoffing, he turns to look up at the boy and draws short.

He stares in awe, while infuriatingly so, he couldn’t deny he was handsome. His soft freckles splattered across his skin, with bright, pensive eyes, searching for a new source of entertainment. George stood stock still, eyes widening fractionally.

*Oh fuck, he’s cute.* If George wasn’t so cold, he’d be sweating by now. He didn’t exactly prepare himself to play twenty questions, but then again he doesn’t understand why he’s suddenly so nervous. “I’m George,” he stammers, quickly regaining his composure, “I’m a pessimist and an introvert. Also, it’s just an Avifors Spell, nothing special.”

“Still, they’re pretty. Is blue your favourite colour or something?” Dream asks, a dimple quirking on the small of his mouth. He leans against the trunk of the tree and smiles kindly at George.

“I’m colourblind,” George explains hurriedly, glancing to the floor and flushing. “I can’t see red or green properly but blue is the easiest. It’s my favourite.” He scratches the back of his neck and plays with the hair at the nape of his head, trying to stop his nerves from bubbling over. He glances up and looks Dream in the eye.

What was once a yellow hue that plagued George's vision, blue hair fanned across this face, casking an illusion of azure water, spilling across his stunning features. George feels his mouth widening in shock before he can cover up the moment of weakness.

"I've never tried blue before. I guess I'll see you around, Gogy."

Dream winks, moving away from the tree and makes his way back up to the castle, disappearing from sight. George's chest tightens, and for some reason, everything inside him screams to run after the Slytherin. He hears the Giant Squid splashing and he looks out towards the lake. It's quiet again, nothing but the soft movement from the water and the chirps from the bluebirds - he conjures them back to leaves.

George tries not to feel disappointed when he doesn't catch Dream's eye at dinner that night.

---

George is five when he finds out that being colourblind was a little abnormal.

"What colour do you think this is?" Another kid asks him one day, a boy from Muggle school with black, spiky hair and circular glasses, who shoves a toy car into George's hands.

George tilted his head at him, perplexed. He wasn't sure why the kid was asking him, he wasn't very good with colours. But maybe the other boy didn't know the colour of the toy car either so he was asking for help.

The boy hands over the small toy car and George takes it from him.

"It's brown," he decides after a while, hoping it'll help the boy. "It looks the same as dirt."

He had laughed, which George was surprised over, and grabbed the small car out of his small hands. "It's red," the boy states, seemingly content with George's response he runs off with the car outstretched in the air, signalling the end of the discussion.

George had stopped swinging on the swing set and looked at his surroundings, taking in all the colours of the Muggle park. The park was quite busy, with many other kids running around him,

whether it was running to a free spot on the swings or playing with their own toys, people were everywhere. George counted all the unique colours he could see - blue, yellow, brown, orange. Not a single colour of red could be seen - it was a sea of blues and browns and dull yellows.

“Why can’t I see properly?” George had asked his father when they were disappearing from the park, gripping onto the leg of his pants.

“Pardon?” His father had asked, quickly looking down at him with a frown.

“I can’t see colours properly. Everything is yellow and dead.”

“Because you’re special,” his father had said, smiling softly and ruffling George’s messy brown hair fondly. “Your perception of the world is different, but there’s a different value in that. You see colour differently to us, it might look dead but I promise everything has a colour. You just need to find it for yourself.”

“But why me? Why can’t I see normally like you and Mommy?” George asks again, a frown on his face.

“Because that’s your secret magic,” his father had said, crouching down and looking into his eyes, placing his hands on George’s cheeks. “I might see more colour than you do, but you see more *in* colour. Some kids don’t understand that and might call you silly names, but there’s nothing wrong with your vision. Just punch them if they’re being mean.”

He was still teased about it, still given thoughtless nicknames. Freak, weirdo, squib... it was endless. George got used to it over time, and slowly it stopped bothering him. Because it was his secret magic.

He’s *special* .

---

George finds one of the transfer students in the library on his way back from Charms. He’s younger than George, probably a 4th year, but he’s sprawled underneath the window overlooking the castle grounds, the high mountains encasing the land in a blanket of magic while the sunlight dances across the airy room. A window to his right was open just faintly, letting in the crisp autumn breeze. He looks almost peaceful, with his head buried in books, the forgotten quill

dripping ink slowly onto the boy's empty parchment.

“Hey! It's piss-vision boy!”

*Almost .*

George stands directly in the middle of the school library, looking at the Gryffindor, slowly processing what he says and swiftly turns to go back towards the exit. He hears rustling and before he knows it, his arm is yanked back and he's facing the boy.

“No, no, don't walk away! A friend of Dream's is a friend of mine.”

“I wasn't aware we were friends,” George repeats blandly, thinking back at his last conversation with the Slytherin student.

“Are you always this mean or am I a special case?”

George balks. Snatching his arm from the Gryffindor's tight grip, he takes a step back from the younger boy.

“I've known you for a total of five minutes and I already want to swan dive off the Astronomy Tower,” George huffs in annoyance.

The Gryffindor's laugh is bright and loud, his chortle rippled across the otherwise silent room, “I'm Nick, but you can call me Sapnap.”

“What the bloody Merlin are these weird nicknames coming from?” George exclaims, wincing as Madam Pince quickly shushes the two boys from her desk.

“I'll tell you what. You help me with my Potions essay, and I'll tolerate you because Dream's adopted you or some shit. Sounds good?” George splutters, his words failing him momentarily. “Good. Great. Now, what are the properties of the Calming Draught and how can I bullshit this over a 12-inch essay?”



---

A few days later, when Dream approaches the Ravenclaw table at breakfast, George is already feeling irritable. It's a Saturday and the table is almost empty. Usually, George would still be in bed, but Sapnap decided that six o'clock in the morning was an acceptable time to ask for Potion advice and George begrudgingly left the warmth and safety of his bed to help the bloody idiot.

"Mornin'," Dream sleepily says, leaning on his broom. The Slytherin team had the pitch for the morning, which George watched from the library, so his entire team was slowly coming into the Great Hall for breakfast. The quidditch player's hair was sporting a rich chestnut glow that fell into windswept locks from his flying. It gave George the greatest displeasure that Dream seemed to be a morning person despite his lazy personality.

"Why do you have such a boring hair colour today?" George asks, bleary with sleep.

"It's green," Dream smirks.

"Oh sod off you pretentious prick," George huffs, turning back to his tea.

He ignores the way his heart jumps when he feels the Slytherin slide into the seat next to him.

"Why are you up so early?"

He gave a start, surprised. "Sapnap needed help with his Potions essay due today."

Dream huffed next to him, reaching out and grabbing an orange juice, "He always leaves his essays to the last minute." George watches as the Slytherin relaxes into the seat, it's almost startling watching him in the early morning and without the bustling of the castle surrounding them. Instead of looking from afar, George feels like he's watching a performance up close and personal; a private show just for him.

"How was practice, it's cold this mornin'," George grumbles, trying to shake the remnants of sleep from his body. He shuffles closer to Dream, stealing as much warmth the younger boy was storing.

“It was alright actually,” Dream happily sips his orange juice, “Tommy was being childish as usual, oh, and Callahan ended up running late because he somehow managed to break his bat!”

“How’d he manage that?” George blinks up at Dream, seeing a faint smile on his face. “Dunno, but HBomb was not happy. You should’ve heard the lecture he got in the changing rooms.”

“Hmm, that’s not good,” George yawns, gripping onto his mug and trying not to fall asleep against the taller boy.

“Are you always like this when you wake up?” he asks. “I almost can’t believe it, but you’re not all that annoying right now.”

George rolls his eyes, shifting away from the heat of Dream’s body with a grumble. “And you’re the same either way.”

“You mean, incredibly handsome and witty?” Dream grins manically.

“Not even in all those alternate visions Trelawney sees,” George retorts, snorting at Dream’s exaggerated gasp.

“You’re just jealous,” Dream sticks his tongue out, draping his body over George.

George shoves a hand under Dream’s arm and wiggles his fingers, watching instantaneously as the younger boy yells and topples onto the floor of the Great Hall, rolling away from George’s tickling. He jumps up from the ground with a wheeze and scuffs the back of George’s head. “What was that for?”

George just sticks his tongue out and goes back to sipping his tea with a smug grin.

---

Deafening cheers explode from the crowd, a sea of green and silver on one side and red and gold the other. The Slytherin team circles around the oval pitch on their broomsticks, waving to the

crowd with smug faces. The announcer, Tubbo from Hufflepuff, starts listing the two teams' players - reading out positions and likeabilities of winning.

Quidditch was one of the sports in the wizarding world that he could not get behind. To him, nothing was thrilling or exciting about dangling hundreds of feet in the air on a stick. He'd much rather curl up against the fireplace with a simple Muggle device called an iPhone- thank you very much.

However, Dream was a natural at it. He'd only been at the school since the beginning of the year, but already he was a star player on the Slytherin team, overshadowing the whole team with his fantastic stunts of bravery - or as George calls, it, utter stupidity and dumb luck.

Regardless, George came to all his matches to support him. While not as dramatic or overzealous as Sapnap or Bad with their faces decked out in face paint, he still wore a green scarf which he wrapped around his neck - with thick, silver stripes and Slytherin emblem fanning off at the end.

"Why don't you support me like Sapnap and Bad does?" Dream had whined that morning, wrapping the Slytherin scarf - his scarf - around George.

"I'd rather die, no, I'll jump off the Astronomy Tower," George taunts, hiding his nose and discreetly breathing in an acute scent of petrichor and leather from the material.

"Not even for me?" He stepped closer. "Your best and greatest of friends, the light of your life. Not even for a kiss?" He reached out and softly repositioned the scarf, his fingers grazing the elder's cheek.

"No."

The Slytherin laughed sharply, retracting his hands. "Then wearing my scarf will be fine. You'll cheer for me, yeah?"

"I'm wearing *your* team colours, it's a bit too late to switch to Skeppy's," George joked, smiling as he nuzzles his face in the soft item. "Be careful, please."

"Always," Dream had smiled shyly, flicking George's nose before making his way to his team.

The younger knows he's good, it would be stupid to think he wasn't the best Seeker across the four houses. Dream is popular. With boys and girls shouting the younger's name, cheering for him, booing him - it makes something like bitterness churn in George's stomach.

Owning an American Starsweeper XXI, Dream's speed and high-risk behaviour make him stand from other players - that or the unsettling white mask he uses while playing. It's a unique stylistic feature, a simple white mask with a black smiley face on it, enchanted to help him see and block others out.

The cheers are even louder now, one hour into the game - cheers for Dream's name echoing through the crowd.

"And Gryffindor is ahead by seventy after another brilliant score from Philza - I wouldn't expect any less from the bloke whose father played for Puddlemere United!" Tubbo's voice shatters through the frigid November air as Philza circles from the posts. George grips tighter on the wooden railing from the stands, his gloves useless against the chill slowly seeping through his body. He stares at Dream, he's hovering above the pitch barely moving. George can almost imagine his eyes behind the mask, pensive and calculating, looking for any slight movement of gold.

George notices the Gryffindor Seeker, Sylvee tailing closely behind Dream. She was undoubtedly a very good flier - continuously cutting across Dream and forcing him to change direction. George swears he can hear Dream tutting in annoyance over the tremendous shouts of the crowd.

"And it's Gryffindor in possession, Philza of Gryffindor with the Quaffle, heading straight for the Slytherin goalposts, looking good, Philza! And, no - Quaffle intercepted by Tommy, Tommy of Slytherin tearing up the pitch and there's a nice Bludger play from Skeppy, Tommy drops the Quaffle, it's caught by - TapL, Gryffindor back in possession, let's go, TapL - nice swerve around Eret - *oh* here comes another Bludger! - and he scores! Another ten points to Gryffindor!"

TapL punches the air as he soars round the end of the pitch; the sea of maroon and gold screaming in delight below him.

George turns his attention back to Dream, feeling Bad and Sapnap either side of him moving in anticipation. He grabs the scarf around his neck anxiously, as he watches Dream suddenly descend downwards at a high speed, pulling out of the dive very sharply as Sylvee quickly mirrors.

“I think Sylvee is marking Dream instead of searching for the Snitch herself!” Sapnap leans forward, almost toppling out of the stand to try and get a good view of the match. George roughly pulls him back, slapping him on the shoulder hurriedly. “Be careful idiot,” he hisses.

“If she wants to tail him, she’s gotta be prepared for the consequences,” Sapnap smirks, face split in a maniacal smile. And suddenly, George is terrified.

“A neat pass to TapL, a team favourite found by last years Gryffindor captain Ponk - back to Philza and - no, Slytherin has taken the Quaffle, Slytherin captain HBomb gains the Quaffle and off he goes - HBomb flying like the Snitch up there and he goes to sco- no, stopped by an excellent save by Gryffindor Keeper Alyssa and Gryffindor takes back the Quaffle - that’s Chaser TapL there, great dive around Tommy, going down the field and - *ouch* - he’s been hit in the back of the head by a Bludger - Slytherin takes Quaffle - that’s Eret speeding off towards the goalposts, Philza tries to block the Slytherin - that’s an excellent move to maneuver around the Gryffindor - with a clear field ahead - he passes it to Tommy - he’s really flying - come on, now, Tommy - Keeper Alyssa dives - misses - Slytherin score!”

Slytherin cheers fill the cold air, with howls and moans from Gryffindor.

Then suddenly a nick of gold can be spotted by Tubbo and in a rush of excitement, George watches Dream and Sylvee hurtle towards the Snitch. Dream slightly faster than Sylvee - George can’t help be in awe at how smoothly he sped across the field. Like flying was a part of him.

And that was the thing about Dream, he made *everything* seem easy. Everything Dream did, he did with a breathtaking conviction that made questioning his actions inconceivable.

George’s heart stutters and suddenly he can’t hear the loud voices of the audience screaming in exhilaration, he can only hear the beating of his heart as Dream suddenly pulls his broom upwards, flying high into the air before letting go.

George’s heart stops, momentarily, as Dream free-falls, broom in hand and he’s fastly approaching the ground.

“*Dream !*” George screams out in panic - hand gripping so tightly around the railing that his fingers crack - before Dream suddenly rolls back onto the broom.

He sweeps down so suddenly that George jolts in fear, merely feet from the ground, Snitch in hand

and a bright grin plastered on his face. The Slytherin Seeker soars above the crowd, the students shouting themselves hoarse. The tiny golden ball held tight in his fist, it's wings beating hopelessly to escape.

Beside him, Sapnap whoops in disbelief, a huge smile on his face.

“And that's the game! Dream of Slytherin has caught the Snitch receiving one-hundred and fifty points! But wait - in an unlikely turn of events - Slytherin wins, 240-220!”

The stands erupt in a flurry of excitement, as the Slytherin team circle around towards the stands offering the supporters a wave. Dream removes his mask and stares at the crowd shouting his name, and George can just barely see a dimple quirking from his small smile.

George lets out a breath he didn't know he was holding, as Bad and Sapnap grab onto his arms, shaking him out of his thoughts.

“Woo! Yeah Dream, you did it!” Sapnap screams out, body half-way off the wooden railing, and before George can snatch him back, Sapnap is suddenly plucked from his spot.

George looks up to see the Slytherin Seeker gripping onto his cousin and guiding him onto his broom. George stares shell shocked, as Dream tosses the Snitch towards George. He fumbles with it, still in a stupor, before grasping it firmly in his hands.

Dream smiles at him, so brightly that it makes George's chest hurt.

“You better come to the party later,” Dream manages to say over the roar of the crowd, giving him a wink, and flies off with Sapnap.

George stares at the golden ball in his palms and suddenly feels himself blush under the green scarf he's wrapped loyally around his neck.

---

In his first year, George entered the Forbidden Forest for the first time alongside Hogwart's gamekeeper, and he served his detention in search of Bowtruckles for Hagrid's class. They were

immensely difficult to spot, with their nature to camouflage with any tree, George left the forest not only with sliced hands but an acute fear of the mysticism found within the forest.

Now George stands, six years later, at the edge of the forest with a basket of crabapples in hand, making his way into that same forest full of magic and secrets. It makes the hair on the back of his neck stand and his heart leap in unbridled anxiety.

Despite the unknown that constantly scratches at the back of his mind, George can't help but feel a rush of excitement entering the forest. He feels free, in a sense, as he slowly descends further into the woods, the thick canopy creating a calming kaleidoscope of light, dancing upon the ground, as he finds himself in the forest's first clearing.

It's only midday, but the dense canopy overhead creates a blanket of darkness as he walks, and George can't help but wonder if that was why it was coined the 'Dark Forest'. Chuckling to himself he continues towards the ancient tree at the foot of the clearing.

The tree was the most prominent feature outside of the clearing. The trunk showed its age, the bark swirling like water, entrenched in magic and enchantments - George reached out to feel it upon his skin, looking out towards the darkness of the forest.

His breath hitches in surprise.

A pair of blank, white, shining eyes were growing larger through the gloom and a moment later the dragonish face, neck and then skeletal body of a great, black, winged horse emerged from the darkness. He pulls the basket from behind his back and opens it, pulling out a crabapple and holding it out to the Thestral.

"I've brought you a treat today," George whispers, glancing around to spot any more from the Hogwarts herd. He chucks the apple towards the creature and steps back politely, nodding towards the fruit.

It looks at George for a moment, swishing its long black tail, then bows its head and begins to tear into the apple with its pointed fangs.

George laughs softly, looking fondly at the Thestral, as the crabapple is quickly consumed. Pulling another one from his basket, he takes a step forward and brings it towards the creature, his hand outstretched and nervously waiting.

A snap echoes across the forest and the Thestral jerks back in panic. George whirls around to face the sudden noise, crabapple in hand and pegs it towards the intruder - hearing a soft thud and a cry in alarm.

“Dude, what the fuck?”

George stares at Dream as he rubs his hands along the crown of his head - where George can only presume the crabapple landed. Dream's in a thin sweater, with his Slytherin scarf hanging loosely around his neck despite the chilling breeze that occasionally makes its way through the Forbidden Forest.

“Bloody Merlin you gave me a heart attack!” George raises a hand to his chest in an attempt to regulate his speeding heart rate. He turns back to the Thestral, it's retreating figure slowly making its way further into the darkness of the looming forest. Sighing, George walks towards the Slytherin in hopes of finding the last crabapple.

“What are you even doing out here? Isn't it, like, illegal to be out here?”

George glares at him.

“What's that look for?”

George huffs, brushing past the younger and towards the crabapple. Picking it up, he examines the bruised fruit and tuts in annoyance.

“Why are you here?” George asks bluntly, rubbing the crabapple against his robe in hopes of removing the blemish. George can't help but feel slightly put off at the situation. Feeling his blood simmering in sheer annoyance, George looks back over to Dream and wishes, for the first time, he wasn't interrupting his time alone.

“Why are you standing in the forest by yourself?” Dream retaliates, his face blushing beet red whether from, anger or embarrassment, he's unsure. From behind, George notices the lonesome Thestral, slowly peeking back into the clearing.



George licks his lips. "I'm not alone."

Dream cocks his head to the side, staring at him wildly, "Well unless you count me, there's nothing else out here."

"I have friends in the forest that hang out with me so long as I bring them a token of gratitude or a treat." George holds his hand out and gestures the crabapple towards the darkness of the forest.

Dream looks between him and the crabapple in bewilderment. It takes a moment before realisation works through his mind, "Wait, George, can you see Thestrals?"

George stares at him, slightly nodding, and chucks the fruit in the direction of the skeletal creature. He watches, hypnotised, as the Thestral munches hurriedly at the crabapple, only the sound of crunching and liquid squelching from the fruit heard within the now, silent forest.

George wonders what it looks like to Dream, watching the apple suddenly disappear without a trace. What it would be like to not have to watch the epitome of death and destruction chomping away at the crabapple, without the knowledge of loss and misery Dream hasn't experienced.

"*Oh*," Dream says. George feels the low rumble of annoyance in his stomach fizzle away. It wasn't fair to hold these assumptions and expectations on the Slytherin.

George sighs wistfully.

"I was eight at the time of the accident," George looks blankly towards the forest, his voice quiet and monotonous. "I watched Mom fall from her broom and before anyone else realised, she was already gone."

The silence was deafening. Only the soft huffs from the Thestral could be heard as it devoured the rest of the apples in the basket. George turns to Dream, a sad smile on his face.

"I'm sorry, George."

"It's fine, I've accepted it. That's why I come to see the Thestrals," George extends his hand

towards the creature, watching it approach him first, whickering in his ear and then nuzzling up against his arms. “They kinda remind me of her.”

“That explains why you hate Quidditch,” George feels Dream slide next to him, he turns to look at the taller boy. “I bet she would be proud of you, y’know?”

“Yeah?”

“Yeah,” Dream quietly assures, turning to look at George, a small smile on his face.

George feels something hit the back of his hand and he glances down at it. He watches Dream tangle their fingers together in a mock hand-holding gesture. He quickly glances up at the younger boy but he’s staring off into the Dark Forest.

George huffs fondly.

He can’t seem to mind the intrusion.

---

“You want me to tell Dream to stop changing his hair blue?” Bad asks in bewilderment, his eyebrows furrowing in confusion as he stops chewing on his Pumpkin Pasty.

They’re seated at the edge of the fountain in the Clock Tower Courtyard, George sucking on a Sugar Quill while Bad munches on his second Pumpkin Pasty. Around them students quietly converse with one another while a few others opt to play Gobstones with their friends; he recognises Technoblade and Wilbur in the corner and watches Techno whoop in excitement, taking Wilbur’s queen in a violent battle. George makes a mental note to never verse Techno in Gobstones before he leaves. “His hair is stupid, who even wants to walk around with blue hair?”

“You say that while blushing like a third-year girl getting asked to Hogsmeade for the first time,” Bad giggles, and George grimaces.

“I’m not *blushing* .”

“Who’s blushing?” a new voice asks, and George turns to find Sapnap walking from the Clocktower doors with his hands plunged in a box of Bertie Bott's Every Flavour Beans. Picking out a yellow one, he pops it in his mouth and grimaces. George would have found it funny if Sapnap wasn’t *related* to Dream.

Bad, the epitome of an angel and not seeing the five stages of grief George was going through, answers immediately, “George’s blushing about-”

“ *Bad !*” George cries out, glaring at the Hufflepuff with a grimace.

“What? What did I do?” Bad replies innocently, Sapnap staring in confusion at the two as he squeezes into the space between them.

He gives George a quizzical look, biting down on a new, golden brown-coloured jelly bean, humming in contentment. *Choke* , George thinks. “Does our sweet little Georgie have a crush?”

George chokes on his spit, angrily snapping his Sugar Quill in half. He looks mournfully at the two sugary halves before shoving one in his mouth, chewing it in exasperation. “I *don’t* have a crush.”

“ *Oh !* We’re talking about Dream!” Sapnap leans against George, his legs neatly placed in Bad’s lap. “Yeah, you do dude. You literally went bright red at the end of the Quidditch match the other day,” Sapnap gleefully comments, snatching the other half of the broken Sugar Quill and popping it in his mouth.

“Stop it, I don’t have a crush on Dream!” George spits out loudly, watching as Techno and Wilbur look over curiously, chuckling at him before turning back to their game. George wants to Obliviate himself on the spot.

Sapnap is guffawing, gasping for breath as he slides off George and lands on the floor. George feels his cheeks heat up in embarrassment, whipping out his wand and conjuring bluebirds out of Sapnap’s stolen Sugar Quill half.

“ *Oppugno* ,” he hisses out, watching the bluebirds swoop toward Sapnap with a confidence that puts Dream’s diving skills to shame - their little beaks pecking at any visible skin while their target rolls across the courtyard.

“ *Anyways* ,” Bad continues, ignoring Sapnap’s screams of help, “I’m not going to ask him to stop changing his hair to blue just because you don’t like it. Crush or not, being a muffin-head to him just because he likes to express himself like that isn’t fair.”

George turns away from Bad with a sigh, taking a random jelly bean from Sapnap’s pile and popping it in his mouth. It’s not like he hates that Dream constantly changes his hair to blue now; quite the contrary, it’s a huge distraction to George. Before, he could admire the metamorphmagus from afar and scoff over how ridiculous he was. Every blunt reply, every sarcastic response was met with a smug grin and an overwhelming amount of blue, blue, blue. Dream had an enchanting personality, speaking with a certain gusto that made George feel gooey in his stomach and foggy in his head; his words delicately sweet and said without conviction, a playful smile never leaving his face - it drove him insane.

George grimaces, the taste of grass flooding his mouth.

Bad pats his shoulder in a comforting manner, pulling out his wand and non-verbally removes the birds around Sapnap. He pops the last of his Pumpkin Pasty in his mouth and jumps up from the seat, making his way over to the younger to pick him up.

He turns back to George. “Sorry I can’t help,” Bad apologises, hefting Sapnap off the ground and passing him his box of Bertie Bott's Every Flavour Beans. George shakes his head, standing up and walking to the two.

“Don’t worry, I’m just being stupid.”

“You fucker!” Sapnap exclaims slightly out of breath. He rounds on George, his hair and robes in a state of disarray. George puts his hands up in mock surrender.

“In my defence, you did steal half of my Sugar Quill. That’s eight sickles you owe me now, you arse,” George smiles sweetly while Bad sighs at the crude language.

“You’re lucky I don’t like hexing girls,” Sapnap bites back half-heartedly and George lowers his hands. “Why Dream? He’s yucky.”

“Don’t say that Sapnap,” Bad pauses, a smirk spreading on his face and a glint in his eyes. George glares at him, moving to knock his elbow into his side only to miss when Bad side steps. “Just look

at Georgie, he's in love!"

"Oh sod off!" George snaps, snatching the box of Bertie Bott's Every Flavour Beans out of Sapnap's hand. He turns and stomps towards the castle, probably to sulk in the library before he starts his Potion's essay, only to run into Techno and Wilbur, both with sly smiles on their face.

He turns towards the Clock Tower before they can say anything, only hearing the laughs of his friends as he runs into the building while his cheeks burn in humiliation.

---

George is sitting at the Ravenclaw table revising his Ancient Runes essay when Sapnap slumps in the seat next to him.

"Don't hate me," Sapnap leans forward, his hands tied together seriously. George raises his eyebrows in mock annoyance, wordlessly summoning his parchment away.

"Too late for that. I've hated you ever since you broke the head off my Harry Potter figurine the other week."

The Gryffindor glared. "It was an accident," Sapnap hisses defensively. "Besides, it was creepy anyway. Its eyes looked into your very soul and that's some fucking disturbing shit for a toy, alright? You ever study Divination? They eat that shit up! Okay, I got off-track there. Anyway, the point is, it was fully justifiable when it came to destroy it. Moving on."

"Get on with it then."

Sapnap gives him a dry look and George smiles back innocently, taking a sip from his tea.

"I've told Dream you're taking him to Hogsmeade."

George spits out his tea. Spluttering and desperately searching for a napkin, staring at the Gryffindor as his face heats up.

“In my defence, I’m going with Karl and while Dream was whining about being a third-wheel I *might* have mentioned you were free,” Sapnap trails off, sheepishly looking at George.

George drops his head onto the table. “*Sapnap*,” George whines dramatically, looking back up at the fifth-year. “What have you done!”

“You mean, what hasn’t he done.” Suddenly, George wants to Avada Kedavra himself because of course Dream decides to sit down across from them. He feels himself flushing, and he once again buries his head underneath his hands to hide him from the world.

“Oi, I’m going on a hot date. Anyway, George is taking you to Hogsmeade for the day, right George?”

Sliding his face from under his arms, George morphs his hand into a thumbs-up symbol and raises it towards Dream.

“Alright, sounds good, it’ll be fun” Dream stands with a groan, spine slowly straightening out. Then he raises his arms, holding them there, and his shirt follows the motion up, a sliver of skin showing.

Barely an inch of skin and yet George is transfixed, knowing full well he needs to look away, but he’s just *fucking* can’t.

Dream drops his arms, and George quickly glances away only to find Sapnap smiling at him with the biggest shit-eating grin he’s ever seen.

The blood drains from George’s face so fast his vision greys out.

Sapnap starts to chuckle, low and evil, and George has never had to stare down the horns of an enraged Hungarian Horntail, but he bets it’s not unlike watching Sapnap open his mouth, about to ruin his life with his *idiotic* words, again.

“I need to grab a jacket or something, it’s cold as fuck outside,” Dream sighs and makes his way, as George can only assume, towards the dungeons.

Sapnap turns back to George, his *stupid* smug smile etched on his face and opens his mouth.

“So do I, bye Crapnap,” George hisses and practically runs out of the hall, not before hearing the Gryffindor’s laughter barking at his misfortune.

---

It was quite chilly on their way to Hogsmeade. It had rained earlier in the morning, forming large, muddy puddles of water that many Hogwarts students splashed through on their way to the small town. George gripped onto his wand tighter, cursing the cold and whispering warming charms to keep himself warm. The wind was fierce and his hands were freezing. George found himself shivering, wrapping his scarf just a little tighter around his neck as he rounded down the High Street leading to Hogsmeade. It was full of students ambling up and down, peering into the shop windows and messing about together on the pavements.

“Where are we going first?” Dream leans into George’s ear, muffled from the way George’s scarf haphazardly covers his ears. He’s wearing a thick black cloak, his Slytherin scarf neatly tucked and a plain-white beanie that had a bizarre, childish drawn smiley-face on it.

“Dunno,” George ponders, casting one more warming charm and shoving it in his pocket.

“Zonko’s is the first shop, but if you want we can get food and butterbeer at the Three Broomsticks? Oh, but you did say you wanted some Chocolate Frogs from Honeydukes, right?” George peers up at the taller boy, watching tufts of his blue hair whip into his face.

“Hmmm, we’ll see where the wind takes us,” says Dream, shrugging. “Follow me.”

He tugs on George’s hands and leads him down the High Street lined with cobblestone fences, and through the passageway into the park lined with morning frost and swirling sleet. To George, the streets are familiar, although after having the privilege of visiting the village for four years, the magic of the place has worn off for him. Students busy themselves into the shops, with over-excited third and fourth years who still haven’t gotten used to being let outside of the castle - their loud laughter and conversation spilling across the small town. But despite this, with Dream’s hand intertwined with his own, everything is completely different.

Hogsmeade looked like a tacky Christmas card he would find in a Muggle tourist shop. The little thatched cottages and shops were covered in a thin layer of crisp snow; holly plants were lining the window garden boxes and strings of enchanted candles hanging in the streets. As they walk down the main street past Zonko’s Wizarding Joke Shop, George is not at all surprised to see Karl, Sapnap and Quackity bouncing to get into the store.

Dream drags George to Honeydukes first, because it's almost lunchtime anyway, and although George grumbles about how busy the store is, he feels something fizzy and soft in his stomach. Creamy chunks of nougat, shimmering pink squares of strawberry coconut, large, honey-coloured toffees; seemingly hundreds of magical and non-magical chocolates in neat rows; exploding bonbons, a large barrel full of Every Flavour Beans, and another full of George's favourite, fragile and sweet sugar-spun quills. George has to physically keep Dream away from trying to stuff his face full of caramel and toffees, as he drags George to each display case and gawks at the large display of confectionery.

George squeezes himself through the crows, leaving Dream briefly, and buys him several chocolate frogs and licorice wands. He passes the red and white bag to the Slytherin, "Here, you look like an idiot not buying anything."

Dream grabs onto the bag, his fingers softly brushing against George's and it feels like electricity is running through his veins. Dream smiles, scrunching up his nose, "Thank you."

George has a thought, suddenly - he wants to kiss Dream. Instead, he shoves his shoulder and chases the thought out of his head.

Dream says something about Quidditch and then George drags him to Spintwishes Sporting Needs, where Dream spends one too many seconds staring at the newest line of brooms and Quidditch gloves before George drags him over to the post office - only after, of course, making kissy-faces at Sapnap and Karl through the frilly and embellished drapes of Madam Puddifoot's pink windows.

"One moment, I need to send a package to my Father," George explains, before quickly ducking into the small building and taking out the shrunken parcel from his pocket. "Pass me the green-coloured sticker so I can attach it to the parcel," George asks Dream, taking out his wand and charming the parcel to the correct size. Taking the green sticker from the Slytherin, he quickly slaps it to the paper and ties it to the barn owl patiently waiting for the two students.

"What are you sending him?" Dream questions, watching the exchange eagerly as George finishes tying the package to the owl's leg.

"Just a few of the books I borrowed from him for one of my classes," George states nonchalantly, letting go of the package and examining his handiwork. "He needs them back before going to Sydney to decipher some runes they found there."



Walking to the counter, George hands over fourteen galleons and six sickles before turning back to Dream, a relieved smile on his face.

“You really love Ancient Runes, don’t you?”

George flushes, feeling called out. “I mean, yeah. I’m pretty good at it, plus there are so many different pathways too. I think my Father said that the ones they found are a dialect of Goblin, which is so cool because that’ll mean we can learn more about the history of Gobbledegook!”

Dream is grinning, small dimples peeking from his cheeks, “You’re so cute, George. This is why we love you.”

George looks away, he’s pretty sure he would be blushing if it weren’t for his already reddened cheeks, thanking the cold weather and horrible warming charms for sparing him from embarrassment.

“Let’s go back to the castle, I have Quidditch training this afternoon,” Dream says, making his way out of the post office, the whistling of wind echoing across the store as he opens the heavy oak door. “Also, I’m pretty sure my feet are so cold, I could stub my toe and I wouldn’t feel anything.”

A strong gust of wind almost pushes him back, Dream stumbles and trips, falling on his butt in the slushy remnants of snow.

“Bloody hell, are you okay?” George startles, kneeling next to him. The door to the post office slamming shut behind him.

Dream looks puzzled and stares at nothing for a few moments before bursting out in laughter, eyes forming little crescents with crinkles on the side. His hair is damp with snow, blue hair peeking out of his white, smiley-face beanie and cheeks flushed from the biting air. His laugh, it’s deep and loud and slightly childish, something so inherently Dream and George can’t help but like it.

And George knows he’s bad with feelings and emotions, but he’s not awful enough to know what’s going on. Which is why, if anyone asks him in the future, he’ll be able to pinpoint the exact moment he fell in love with Dream. It was in Hogsmeade, the wind biting and air chilly when Dream fell hard on the slushy ground and looked like a mess. That exact moment when he falls in love. There are no fireworks, no loud thumping heart rate or hitched breathing, nothing but the gusts of wind roaring and Dream’s wheezing.

---

The Room of Requirement was a place that George showed Dream and Sapnap early on, and the sudden access of freedom and endless possibilities excited the two Ilvermorny transfers so much, that they designated the room for ‘parties’ and ‘fun times’. In George’s opinion, it was an excuse for the boys to try as many Honeyduke lollies and drink alcohol without being caught.

George finds himself in the room on a Friday evening, the night before Christmas break, with the two boys heavily intoxicated and giggling over the ridiculous flavours found in a box of Bertie Bott's Every Flavour Beans.

Pulling out his Honeydukes stash, George pulls out the grossest looking ones and passes one to Sapnap who happily munches on it, his face betraying him when he cringes in disgust. He braves through a liver-flavoured bean and a pepper one, but after chewing on a bright green bean he jumps up and runs out of the room, both George and Dream rolling on the floor in laughter.

“Think he’s coming back?” George asks after several minutes, Sapnap still not emerging. “I think I just found another bogey-flavoured bean.”

Dream wheezes, pulling himself up in a sitting position. George nods at the bottle Dream discarded on the floor, “Looks like you’ve almost finished it.”

“Want to finish it? I’ve got another bottle,” grabbing the Firewhiskey, he offers it to him an outstretched arm.

George shakes his head, refusing. “I’d rather keep the minimal brain cells I’ve got,” George giggles and watches Dream take a long swig, his adam's apple bobbing as he swallows. He finishes it off and puts it aside, looking George in the eye he says sincerely, “You’re the smartest friend I’ve got.”

*Friend* . George suddenly feels nauseous. His heart sinks.

“Sapnap’s just as smart,” George whispers, turning and looking out at the stars. The sky was plunged in a blanket of darkness, the hazy light emanating from the full moon allowing George to see the school grounds. As the starlight twinkled George can’t help but think of the constellations, who'd overlooked centuries of humanity. Whether it watched over this tiny moment in a sea of millennia. When he looks back, Dream is *right there* , and George stills. He wants to reach out and

touch him, to run his fingers through his obnoxiously blue hair.

“Try this one,” Dream says, shattering the moment between the two. George leans back, staring at the white-coloured bean.

George tilts his head back slightly and stares at Dream. They’re both on the blue blanket, George laying next to Dream’s thigh, hands carefully behind his head, while Dream is sitting, his body slowly leaning over George’s. George had gotten used to Dream’s casual proximity throughout the night, had come to the startling realisation he craved it.

Ignoring the swirling anxiety inside his stomach, George sits up to face Dream, knees knocking in the process.

“I promise it’s a good flavour,” Dream continues, a smug grin on his face.

George opens his mouth, closing his eyes.

He feels the bean press against his tongue, the tips of Dream’s forefinger brushing against George’s lips. It tastes like coconut.

“What flavour is it?” Dream’s questions with a low, rough tone that makes George snap his eyes open, Dream staring at him with hooded eyes. Smug grin still there.

“Coconut,” George answers, heart nearly pounding out of his chest as he shifts closer and brushes his hand against Dream’s. He leans in, watching Dream’s cheeks flush a darker hue, and with a shaky whisper he replies, “y-you should try it.”

The gap between them is closed almost the moment the words leave his lips. Dream leaning forward to capture their lips together. George melts into him immediately, his eyes fluttering to a close as Dream kisses him gently. George loses all his inhibition, his entire body feels like it’s trembling and he can taste the whiskey on Dream’s tongue, feeling his heartbeat quicken. He angles his head to the side and opens his mouth, allowing Dream to take control of the kiss.

George’s hands clutch onto the fabric of Dream’s robes, his toes curling as he wraps his arms around his neck, pulling him down as he lands on the blanket. Dream presses further into him, now leaning over him with his arms wrapped around George’s waist, his teeth nipping on George’s

lower lip. George lets out a gasp, feeling Dream shudder against his lips.

He latches his lips on George's neck, teeth scraping the skin of his throat. George tilts his head back and his eyes roll back with it. Dream immediately takes the opportunity and sucks and bites and licks the soft skin making George squirm underneath him in pleasure. He moves down further and bites down hard on his collarbone, eliciting a cry from the Ravenclaw - his ghostly smile running along the red mark.

George is lost in the moment, his brain lost in the haze of satisfaction before the realisation hits him like a Bludger. Dream's drunk - *really* drunk. George can feel his heartbeat in his throat. This wasn't right. George can suddenly taste nothing but the Firewhiskey on Dream's breath, the acidic feeling thrumming through his body. George feels like he's drowning.

"We should stop."

"Why?" Dream asks, his voice tickling George's neck. It's gotten darker, the moon must have hidden behind the clouds and George is straining to see Dream's face.

"You're drunk."

"So what?"

George sucks in a breath. "You're absolutely pissed. Go back to your dormitory, Dream."

"M'kay," Dream grumbles after a moment. With sluggish movements, he hoists himself off of George and stands up, swaying slightly as his body adjusts. "Love you, Gogy." George bites the bottom of his swollen lip, anxiety still threatening to bubble over.

Dream turns abruptly and stumbles on the steps leading down from the Room of Requirement. George doesn't have the power to laugh at him, watching him slowly but steadily descend into darkness, closing the door behind him. George stares at his back until he can't see it anymore, and then he keeps staring because he's unsure on what else to do.

Hot, uncomfortable shame fills him as he sits motionless, staring at the spot Dream had just been. He feels guilt prick at him like needles and it makes him want to shrink away and hide. His eyes sting, unshed tears filling his vision and he desperately rubs his eyes. George doesn't want to

cry. He feels like an idiot, sitting alone in the room scrubbing his face to distract the tears threatening to fall.

He makes himself stand, desperately wanting to return to his dorm and pretend nothing happened. He takes a step and then another. He lifts his foot again, but when it comes down, he does too, falling to his knees. *I can't feel my legs*, he thinks numbly. *I can't feel my arms*. He stares at them, palms flat on the floor and elbows trembling. He wants to move, he wants to put a hand to his chest, because it feels too tight - there's something wrong, it's too tight - it's crushing his heart; he hears it pound inside him, frantic.

"-ey, hey, you need to breathe, man, just breathe," says Sapnap, suddenly *there*, crouched right in front of him, hands hovering at George's elbows.

He's *trying*, but he can't even lift his head to look at Sapnap - how can he *breathe* with what feels like a Hippogriff on his chest? He whines, fingers scrabbling on the cold floor. His eyes are wide open, but he sees *nothing* but dancing spots across his vision.

"Okay, okay. Listen - breathe in for four counts, hold for two, out for five. Breathe with me," Sapnap directs, grabbing George's hand and tracing a small square to the back of it, in time with the breathing. George focuses on the sensation, letting it ground him, as air slowly fills his lungs and leaves. The floor under him stops greying out, spots slowly coalescing into grey, stony colours. Sapnap is still tracing the shape into George's hand when George finally looks up at him, his exhale sounding like a sob.

Sapnap is staring down at him, a frown on his face and concern written in his features. George jumps up and hugs the younger boy, burying his head into his shoulder and letting his friend run soothing hands down his back while George pathetically hiccups, trying desperately not to cry.

"I'm tired," George sighs after what feels like millennia, his voice cracking. "I'm going to bed."

"I'll come with you."

Together they make their way out of the Room of Requirement, George's back aching and head still buzzing. He grabs onto Sapnap's hand. George is still drowning inside his head as they make their way to Ravenclaw Tower, nothing but the light of Sapnap's wand and his hand in George's keeping him grounded. The corridors are dark and empty, nothing but the sound of disgruntled portraits and the owls overhead can be heard as the boys quickly make their way to George's dormitory.

“You don’t have to talk about it. I don’t know what happened but I want you to know that I’m here when you’re ready, okay?” Sappnap’s voice is soft and George is immediately filled with an overwhelming amount of warmth. George opens his mouth to say something, to say anything, but no words come. He just grips onto the younger’s hand tighter.

Dream could have slapped George across the face and it would’ve hurt the same.

---

Dawn comes, illuminated with rose-coloured clouds that swirl alongside the glimmers of the morning sun that slowly climb the magical escarpment. George stares, looking calmly out of the Owlery, the soft hooting from the sleeping owls falling short on his ears. Tugging tightly on his Ravenclaw scarf, he sinks lower into the seat and silently casts a warming charm to combat the bitter-December wind.

In the distance, he can see someone flying. He wonders, just briefly, if it’s Dream slowly going through his turns. Whether he was diving to steal the snitch in mid-flight. Whether his hair turned into that shimmering azure that always made him stand out from the crowd. Whether he had that big grin on his face, small dimples hiding his youth in a playful manner. Whether he was thinking of George.

If someone were to ask him when it was that he fell in love with Dream, George would answer in a second that it was in Hogsmeade, when Dream fell in the snow and started laughing. He was wearing his smiley-face beanie and his blue hair was damp.

If someone were to ask him when it was that his heart broke, George would answer in a second that it was only four days after he fell in love with Dream.

He lets himself cry this time.

---

George usually spends Christmas with his father in London, putting up the Christmas tree and talking about George’s classes. However, with his father’s recent trip to Australia, he finds himself, for the first time, staying at Hogwarts for the break. Which would have been fine if he had at least one friend staying with him. It’s jarring, being in Ravenclaw Tower by himself. Usually, he would be hiding in his dormitory, sometimes coming out to peruse the accessible books or finish off his

essays in the Common Room if it was quiet. Occasionally, he would come out to play Gobstones with Wilbur.

On Christmas morning, George is awoken with fur in his mouth. Coughing roughly, he violently sits up in his bed, a heavyweight sitting on his knee. Squinting through the semi-darkness, he stares at the creature staring petulantly at him.

Almost guarding the small heap of parcels at the end of his bed, sat the largest cat George had ever seen. With delicate shades of grey and black flecked fur, large ears and a lightly plumed tail, George could have sworn someone had used an Engorgement Charm on a standard cat.

Carefully putting his hand out, George beckoned the cat closer, noticing it had a red ribbon and a small card attached to its leather collar.

*Merry Christmas - my name is Luca and I'm a half-kneazle!*

The cat blinked at him, once. Then it curled up on his lap and immediately went to sleep. Slowly sliding out from the quilt, and trying hard not to disturb the new guest, George made his way over the small pile of presents at the base of his bed. Picking up a red envelope, he immediately recognised the scrawl of his father and ripped it open.

*George,*

*Merry Christmas. I'm sorry we couldn't spend Christmas together this year, it's quite disconcerting not spending time together especially since your Mother passed. Anyway, I hope you like your present! I know you said you didn't want to deal with a pet at Hogwarts, but I met Luca on my way to Australia and found out he'd been by himself for months. He's the most intelligent and gentle Kneazle I've met so I'm sure he'll be right as rain at Hogwarts for the last few months.*

*Australia is hot and humid this time of year. Did you know the sun is actually harsher over here? I'm definitely missing the colder weather for Christmas, but it's a nice change of pace from the standard white Christmas' we have. How're your N.E.W.T. classes? I've sent back the Ancient Rune textbooks with Luca, he'll show you where they are.*

*Missing you and I can't wait to hear from you,*

- *Father*

Looking back over at the sleeping cat, George softly chuckled, his shoulders shaking with amusement. So much for showing him the textbooks.

Unwrapping a few of the parcels, George fondly stared at the gifts his friends had sent him. In a rectangular box decorated in shades of gold and silver were Sugar Quills, Bertie Botts, Chocolate Frogs, Fizzing Whizbees, and Drooble's Best Blowing Gum from Bad; whereas the small silver box with sparkly blue ribbon hid those stupid dragonhide gloves Skeppy had teased him about months ago. In a sleek black box with a yellow bow, an eagle feather quill with a promised American Dragot bar was gifted by Sapnap. Finally turning to a slightly larger parcel, George opened the navy box adorned with swirls of white and black that his sister had gifted him, the matching navy blue socks knitted jumper giving him a pang of homesickness before ripping open the last package which was the textbooks from his father.

Sighing tiredly, George sat back down on the bed next to Luca. He blinks blearily at him and jumps into his lap. He scratches behind his ears while he makes a terribly endearing little mew sound, stretches his toes, and goes back to sleep. George suddenly notices a small, brown box that was sitting in the space where Luca just was. Grabbing it, he opens the small card attached to it.

*Merry Christmas, George.*

*With love,*

- *D*

George feels his heartbeat quicken in his chest, his stomach sinking in a pool of dread as he quickly opens the box. A small, golden ball lays perfectly still in the centre of the box. George grabs it, softly rolling it in the palm of his hands and watches as thin, silver wings slowly flicker to life, the clockwork hum and tick of speedy wings as it whizzes carefully in his hands before darting somewhere in the room.

George just stares at his empty palm. He suddenly feels cold. Icy hands scratch at his throat and spreading into his lungs, each breath wretched and *cold, cold, cold*. The mechanical whirring of the Snitch is the loudest thing in the room, flicking into his vision, George snatches it from the air and shoves it back into the box. It's too much right now. He wasn't prepared, he isn't prepared, it's way too much, too soon.

George picks up the card, it stares at George like nothing's wrong. Like Dream thought nothing



was wrong. Like they didn't build this weird friendship inside each other and then let it fall to pieces, leaving them standing in the rotten remains, hurt and alone. Walking over to the fireplace, he sits down in front of it and chucks it in the fire. Hearing the plastic-coated paper crackle and groan under the heat.

George wants to write back and ask Dream about the kiss. The note burns in the fireplace, the flames dancing across the hearth in a beautiful sequence, slowly eating away at the paper. His eyes start to tear up from the intensity of the fire.

He wants to ask Dream, but he's not sure if he wanted to know the answer.

---

December bleeds into January, and soon the Hogwarts Express returns to Hogsmeade Station bringing back the students who went home for Christmas. Rather quickly, there is a flurry of stress and anxiety that looms over the students, with the realisation that exams are quickly dawning. It's easy for George to forget the drama with Dream, with his N.E.W.T.s steadily creeping closer, he finds himself spending hours in the library or the Ravenclaw Common Room studying and revising missed content.

In a whirlwind of weeks in a sort of self-isolation, George finds himself alone on a Hogsmeade weekend. The castle is eerily silent, nothing but the sounds of first and second-years hiding in their Common Rooms and the sounds of Peeves coming up with new traps that would inevitably cause mischief. George didn't really go to Hogsmeade unless he really needed to anyway - it was always too noisy and overcrowded. Besides, it wasn't as if he had anyone to go with.

Which is why George finds himself inside the Clocktower, hiding in the space between the clock's movement and overlooking the old courtyard at the top of the clear glass dial of the clock. The grounds are quiet, built from wind and grass and the smell of a storm. The sky's the colour of slate, and George watches as the rain starts to fall on the lake. Drop by drop, one by one.

For the first time since he started Hogwarts, he feels lonely. It's a unique feeling, in George's opinion. He's never been overly attached to someone, whether it be at Hogwarts or his Muggle school growing up. It's different from the mourning he felt after his mother passed away - it claws at the bottom of his heart, pulling at the heartstrings and letting go. Rather he finds himself looking forward to times spent by himself. Before Sapnap and Dream, George only really found company with Bad and Skeppy and on occasion, Wilbur and Techno in his classes.

He slides down against the glass of the Clocktower and stares into the old courtyard below, trailing the back of his hands across the concrete next to him and imagines Dream sitting next to him. He

looks at his nail-bitten fingers and imagines Dream there under his hands, speaking in hushed tones as his lips brush against his knuckles. He imagines the way Dream's face would look in the soft-yellow light. Maybe he would have a faint shadow of stubble on his jaw, short and rough and aching for a morning shave while the circles under his eyes would wash out in the morning sun.

He *misses* Dream.

He misses his stupid hair that changes to blue every time he's around George, because the bastard knows it's George's favourite colour - and because deep-down he knows that no matter how much George complains about it, he secretly loves his colour-changing hair.

He misses the soft touches from him, the way he locks fingers around George's own ones like he's hesitant waiting for his approval. As much as he wants to hate Dream for making him feel like this, he can't help but long for him to be near him again.

George sighs, looking at his hands and shudders out a long breath. He's tired of feeling like this. The useless pining.

He doesn't see Dream anymore, not even during lunch; it's like the other boy has disappeared completely, has cast an Obliviate on the world to erase his every trace. George almost believes Dream's gone completely, has vanished from the world or at least from Hogwarts. It seems unlikely, though; despite being nothing more than maybe friends, George finds that he knows Dream rather well, and the Slytherin would never willingly leave school, even for something like this.

Or maybe, George has him figured out wrong. He probably does; after what happened in the Room of Requirement, George's not quite sure of anything anymore.

"I knew I'd find you here."

Turning, George looks up at the Gryffindor, a small smile on his face.

"How'd you know I was here?" George asks softly, turning back to the view of the courtyard.

Sapnap sits down next to him, wedging himself in the already small space between the clock pieces. He's warm, and George is suddenly aware of how cold he is.

“Well, I did check the library first. But usually, you put yourself in a place where you can be distracted, so that meant here or the Owlery, and I knew you’d be too lazy to walk up those stairs,” Sapnap grins, knocking his shoulder against George.

George hums, nodding his head. He looks back into the court and sinks into the silence. A minute passes, or an hour, George isn’t sure. All he can focus on is the thoughts in his head and the sound of Sapnap’s breath.

“I know what happened.”

George’s laugh is short and wet and he feels like the wind has been knocked out of him. He stares up at the roof of the tower and begs his eyes would stop watering.

“Did he tell you?” George asks.

Sapnap is quiet for a moment, the silence deafening.

“Yeah. Honestly, he’s an idiot. Told you, he’s yucky.” Sapnap pats his shoulder, “I’m sure you’ll both find a solution though.”

“I hope so,” George looks down at his lap. “I honestly don’t- I mean, I’d lie if I said I don’t want him to love me back- but I don’t want it to be forced, you know? It was all me, anyway.”

Sapnap shakes his head. “No, it wasn’t. He’s got his own share of faults here and, like, he’s a mess okay? He’s full of flaws and he’s not really good at dealing with these things, but, still, give it a chance.” Sapnap’s grip on his shoulder tightens and George looks back up to the Gryffindor. The look Sapnap gives him is almost pitying. “He cares about you. A lot.”

“I know,” George plastered on a smile. “He’s not heartless, I know he didn’t mean it. I just miss him.”

“You should probably tell him then,” Sapnap says gently, smiling.

George chews on his lip. “I’m scared,” he confesses, looking up plaintively. The rain is just softly hitting the glass, the sound of it a soothing dull compared to the heavy cloud hanging between the two boys. “I hate feeling like this, I absolutely *hate* it. But I’d rather feel like a pathetic pining prick than feel like a pathetic *rejected* prick.”

Sapnap scoffs. “Firstly, try saying that five times faster. Secondly, you just look like a pathetic cowardly prick. Man up, tell him, or I *will* put veritaserum in your tea tomorrow morning.”

George doubles over and bursts into a loud harsh cackle of laughter, his body rolling in time of his breaths. He doesn’t know why he’s laughing, whether it be from the joke or because he’s supposed to. He laughs, and laughs, and laughs until he loses his breath and suddenly he doesn’t feel like laughing anymore. With his face creased and fists closed so tight he can feel the sweat trapped inside them, he rubs at his eyes frantically, leaving red marks along his cheeks. The sobs were stifled at first as he attempted to hide his tears from the younger boy, but with a pitiful whine, all his self-consciousness washed away as red-hot tears ran down his face - each one stinging his tender skin, rubbed raw from his distressed rubbing.

In a heartbeat, Sapnap swept forward to pull him into a hug. It wasn’t something they did often - they’d naturally settled for banter and punches to the shoulder instead - but he gladly sunk into it, folding into the younger boy like his life depended on it. He had never felt so small at that moment, shaking in his friend’s grasp as everything poured out of him. The ache in his chest felt relentless, pushing into his throat and tumbling from his mouth in pitiful gasps.

Nose running, he clung to him with lost, desperate fingers. “I fucked up, Sapnap,” he sobbed. “I fucked up really bad.”

“It’s okay,” he murmured, rubbing circles on his back. “It’s okay.”

He wraps himself around Sapnap and ignores the awareness settling in the bottom of his spine, the electric current that thrums through him, chanting *Dream, Dream, Dream*, in the same lovelorn voice as it did all those weeks ago.

---

Sapnap doesn’t bring it up again. He doesn’t breathe a word of it.

But in the days following, Sapnap would sometimes look at George with the same sort of expression he wore the night George had that panic attack.

It happens when he thinks George isn't looking. When they're tired from classes, when they're on opposite sides of the Great Hall, when George naps in the Common Room lounge and blinks his eyes open to find Sapnap spread across from him in his Muggle clothes, turning his head just as George glances over.

It's that waiting sort of look. His face is too tense, eyebrows low and furrowed, mouth in a thin line, and his eyes - the colour is slightly *off*, and they make George shift uneasily in his seat, make him want to drop his gaze because Sapnap can just see *through* him.

When George was a kid he often dreamed of love like it was a fairytale, as if it would come flying into his life on the back of a dragon one day. As he got older, he learned about love as a fleeting thing that could leave no matter how badly you wanted it, something that can be ripped away. He never imagined it'd turn out he was right both times.

He doesn't know what Sapnap wants from him or wants him to say, not when George has been teaching himself since he was young, not to say anything at all.

---

George doesn't reach out. He lets days, weeks by in a blur or rather just fall into the void because he doesn't know what to do with himself anymore. Some days, George is just *angry*. Angry at Dream for not owling, angry at him for brushing George off, angry at him for making him feel this internal battle and being so goddamn *complicated*. Other days, George is angry at himself for being so stubborn and bloody cowardly.

He watches Dream at the Quidditch games, once again the shining star of the match. But instead of brash smiles and cocky words, there's nothing. Just a smile to the crowd, a smug grin as he looks on towards Slytherin House and all George can do is stare longingly, his Ravenclaw scarf wrapped tightly in his fist.

Everything is the same.

Except everything *isn't* the same; it's as if the world is slightly tilted like someone's hit George with a Confundus Charm overnight. There's a swirling, disjointed film over everything in sight. He knows it's got nothing to do with the outside world, but rather what's happening inside him. But George continues his days, stumbling as he heads up the Owlery or the Ravenclaw Tower, like there's an extra step, just waiting to trip him up. He still keeps to himself and avoids everyone's gazes, keeps his head down and wanders the halls aimlessly.

They haven't spoken to each other in way too long. They haven't seen each other properly in way too long - just glances across the Great Hall or in between classes. But even though it's George that is avoiding Dream, he still feels like, somehow, it's up to him to mend things between the two.

Exam season is drawing even closer, with many students spending more time in the library making it insufferable to study. Ravenclaw's Common Room was more unbearable, with many of his housemate's frantic at the prospect of failing, even in the safety of his shared room.

So instead of hanging out there, George walks to the lake and settles on the shore, lazily spread out with his feet dipping into the water, staring at the Giant Squid's tentacles. Luca is there with him, curled up on his side - his tail flicking in annoyance at the drawing tide of the lake and the splashing sounds from the Giant Squid.

George looks up at the sky, head lolling to the side, and breathes deeply. The smell of fresh grass and rain floods his senses and it painfully reminds him of Dream. Clouds are hanging around today, low-hanging and silver-grey, just hovering over the castle like a veil. It's enchanting and reminds George of the hours he would spend with his mother looking at the ever-changing clouds that whizzed by their small muggle house.

"What are you doing here?" The voice asks him softly.

George shoots to his feet, startling Luca as he waves his tail and hisses in disapproval.

Dream takes a step back and puts his hands up in surrender. He looks strange. With his hair slightly longer, the strands falling into his eyes and George has to hold his breath at the sight of him. It's still blue. George wants to cry.

Dream is watching him. He looks ethereal, almost shimmering in the soft-blue light reflecting from the lake. His hair is bright and smile blinding. George wants to ask if he's grown, wants to ask if he likes his hair longer, whether he got the new broom he desperately wanted for Christmas.

And it was just too much for George. He missed Dream so much. It was like his heart was breaking all over again but being close to Dream like this, and if George was completely honest with himself then there was nothing more he wanted than to go back to how he and Dream had been before the Room of Requirement. Everything was wrong now and George didn't have any idea what to say. He doesn't know how long he spends just staring at Dream. George is taking too long to answer, and they both know that.

Dream's eyes harden and he shuffles. George notices he's shivering, but whether it's from the temperature or from anger he doesn't know. "I'm sorry," Dream mutters, his tone inscrutable. "I didn't mean to interrupt. I just--"

He stills, jaw clamping shut and turns suddenly, and suddenly George is panicking because no, this isn't the way this was meant to happen. Before he can stop himself, he blurts out, "Dream, wait!"

Dream stops, turning around slowly. He doesn't look angry, rather he looks like he's been caught with his hand in the cookie jar. His eyes are hard still, unreadable. George desperately wants to rub away the creases along his forehead.

"You didn't," George mumbles, rubbing his elbow nervously.

Dream looks at him wearily, taking a step forward. "Didn't what?"

George huffs, his heart thumping. "You didn't interrupt me. You don't need to leave, um. If you don't want to of course."

George feels Luca's tail wrap protectively around his calf. Bending down, he picks the half-Kneazle and cuddles him like a baby, feeling his ears twitch in irritation. He huffs out a quiet laugh as he watches Dream look between George and the large grey cat in his arms.

"Dream," George says softly. "Have you met Luca?"

Luca blinks wide blue eyes at Dream's shocked face and then flexes his front feet lazily against George's chest. George tries not to wince at the sharp claws prickling through his Muggle sweater.

"You have a cat?" Dream asks incredulously. He takes a small step forward, almost testing to see if George would reject him.

"Half-Kneazle, actually," George reiterates, turning back to the lake and staring out towards the castle. In the distance he can see the Whomping Willow thrash about, blurs of blacks and yellows whizzing underneath the branches and George assumes Tommy and Tubbo are once again antagonising the ancient tree. "He's basically an overgrown cat with warding abilities if we're

completely honest.”

George chuckles and turns back to Dream. His breath hitches in surprise to see how close the other boy had gotten. Dream had barely brushed his fingers against his arm, and George’s head was already a mess. He quickly stares down at his feet, holding onto Luca tighter despite the sharp pain digging at his chest.

“Of course, most half-kneazle breeds have different properties,” George continues, his heart rate increasing while his brain decides to word vomit any useless fact he can think of. “And honestly I don’t think it’s the only ability Luca has, but he’s incredibly smart; you should’ve seen how he acted around Sap, already knew how much of an asshole he can be-”

“George,” Dream says, his voice earnest. “We really need to talk.”

George looks at him, up close and properly this time. He looks tired, eyes heavy and drooping and with his Slytherin scarf wrapped around his body. He looked cold, shivering despite the warm weather.

George feels petrified; his knuckles turning white from his grip on Luca, letting him jump from his arms and slink away into the nearby grass. There were a thousand things he wanted to say, things he *needed* to say - but the right words were caught in his throat.

“Why are you here?” George finally asks his voice barely above a whisper. “What do you want?”

“I want you,” Dream murmurs, impossibly close.

George blinks, looking into deep sea-green eyes. “You can’t keep doing this to me.”

Dream huffs, stepping back and rubbing a hand through his hair. George lets out a breath, turning his head to the side. He feels winded like he’s back in the Room of Requirement and watching Dream go down those stairs again.

“You drive me insane, George. You do realise that?” Dream’s voice is like ice, freezing George in place.



He inhales sharply, tears burning at the back of his eyes.

“You, you - ugh. You’re impossible to read! I-I always feel like I’m doing something wrong when I’m with you!” says Dream exasperatedly, pacing around George. He stops and stares at George for a moment, his eyes vulnerable and hurt for a split second before they harden. “And that night in the room, you just told me to leave! You didn’t say *anything* to me afterwards.”

George startles, shrinking into himself. “Dream, you were drunk I-”

“Tell me you didn’t want to kiss me that night,” Dream pleads, his arms wrapped around himself. His voice sounds like broken glass. “Tell me, George, please. Because I can’t stop thinking about it, about you.”

“I’m in love with you,” George whispers, surprised at how easily the words fall from his lips. Somehow the option of lying was no longer an option at all. Not when faced with Dream’s soft eyes boring into him with such a well of sadness and confusion.

“Oh - that’s,” Dream swallows, looking more surprised than George could ever recall seeing him. “That’s good.”

“That’s *good*,” George balks, feeling his face heat up under Dream’s gaze. “That’s all?”

Dream licks his lips, taking a step forward and grabbing George’s arms softly - like George is going to break under him.

“Kiss me,” he says.

“What?” George replies.

“Kiss me, George, kiss me before I like, cast Reductor on myself or something, please, just-” he leans forward, his breath on George’s lips, looking desperate.

“Kiss me,” he murmurs and George leans up on his tiptoes and presses his lips to Dreams.

It's soft and gentle and so unlike their first kiss. George thinks about the magic in his veins and knows that this is another type of magic, one that sparks a bright gold and makes his whole body tingle in anticipation and electricity. A spark that lights itself deep in his gut as Dream kisses him, gentle lips slotting against his own. Dream hums against him and George can practically feel it reverberate in his body as Dream raises a hand to cup George's cheek, sighing softly as George captures his bottom lip and bites it softly.

George deftly reaches for his wand, pulling back from Dream's lips and softly kissing along his jaw. Wordlessly, he swishes his wand and thinks of the incantation in his mind, chuckling into Dream's ear.

"*George*," Dream complains, as small bluebirds sing obnoxiously over their head.

George giggles, leaning back and staring at the Slytherin. The biggest, toothiest smile decorated Dream's face, spreading out to display those dimples that George was obsessed with.

"I can't help it," George teases, poking out his tongue. "That's how you make me feel."

"That's so fucking cheesy," Dream says. "Let me do it again."

---

"George, you've got to stay still!"

"I am you pompous prat!"

"No, you're not," Dream wheezes, his laughter light and airy across the field. George grips tighter on his broom, feeling heat rise to his face as he watches Sapnap and Karl speed off together at the other end of the pitch.

"You need to use your whole body, don't just steer with your hands," Dream explains. Flying up beside him, George feels his knees knock against Dream's and he flinches. He's suddenly aware of how high he is from the ground and shivers at the thought of falling.

“I’m gonna die,” George groans mournfully, his knuckles turning white against the smooth bark of the old broomstick. The broomstick itself was nothing fancy, just a standard Cleansweeper that the boys had stolen from the broom shed Madam Hooch used to store the first-year Flying Class brooms. He stares at his boyfriend, his face in an exaggerated pout and watches the Slytherin’s body roll in laughter. *Prick*, he thinks miserably.

Dream manoeuvres his broom effortlessly, circling around George as if mocking him. George feels pathetic, sitting in the middle of the Quidditch pitch unmoving while the squeals from Sapnap and Karl continue to poke fun at George’s lack of flying prowess.

“I’m right here,” Dream murmurs, sliding his arm around George’s waist and pulling their brooms together. “Do you want to stop?”

George shook his head, feeling his broom sway underneath him at the sudden movement. His breath hitches in surprise and he closes his eyes in panic. George flinches as Dream puts a hand on his shoulder, the weight of his hand light but reassuring.

“Is this okay?”

George nods. Suddenly he feels the grip on his shoulder tighten, snapping his eyes open, he watches in shock as Dream stands on his broom, wobbling slightly at the new balance.

“What on Merlin’s name are you doing?” George exclaims, eyes wide.

Dream tilts towards him, quickly kicking off his broom and swinging his leg to George’s broom and sitting delicately behind him. The broom falls slightly under the new weight and George almost passes out from the sudden movement, jerking the broom upwards to combat the jolt downwards.

“I told you I would teach you how to fly, relax George,” Dream laughs in his ear.

“Get off! What if I accidentally knock you off!”

“Too late. My broom’s already gone; anyway I’d just take you down with me,” he snickers while George watches Dream’s broom slowly sink to the ground. George feels Dream’s arm tighten around his waist and George is suddenly aware of how close they are.

“Now, put your hands onto the handle and gently direct it to the left,” Dream says, resting his chin on George’s shoulder. He puts his hands over George’s and sweeps the broom left, then right, to demonstrate, coming back to the starting point for George to replicate.

George sucks in a breath and copies the movement, pride welling in his stomach.

“See! Not so bad, is it?” Dream whispers in his ear, moving back and placing a kiss to the back of George’s neck. “I’m proud of you.”

“I’ve literally just done the bare minimum. A first-year could do that.”

“It’s not about that though, George. I bet a first-year couldn’t brew a perfect Draught of Living Death in under an hour. Or could translate or speak Gobbledegook before they leave Hogwarts!” Dream replies earnestly, and George is dumbfounded.

“I want to go back to the ground,” George exclaims, moving his hands downwards to start their descent.

When they reach the ground, George’s entire body feels like jelly. He feels shaky with adrenaline and he quickly dismounts from his broom and faces Dream.

“George, what’s wrong? You okay?” Dream asks frantically, worry etched in his face.

“Yeah,” George breathes out, grabbing Dream’s face. “I just wanted to do this.”

He leans forward and kisses him.

Kissing Dream like this, with his heart bare and feelings free is so much better. Faintly, he can hear Sappnap catcalling from above. It’s magical. Holding Dream like this is magical, having Dream sigh his name over and over again is magical.

And as they pulled apart slowly, it was suddenly all so simple for George: to love someone could

never be anything but magical.

And he loved Dream. With every ounce of him, he loved.

## End Notes

I really failed my college semester in order to finish this fic, huh?

In all honesty, I just really wanted to write a drabble of pining George and Dream at Hogwarts but every time I would sit down and write a new idea would come to me and I would quickly write a prompt. It's honestly strange seeing it published. This is the first fic from this account so thanks if you did give it a read!

Feel free to follow me on Twitter @ solochimmy. I'm not really active but my inbox is open if you did want to message me! I figured that I may as well share it since MCYT Twitter is quite active!

Anyways, roast me like Antfrost roasted Dream in that last manhunt if you see a typo!

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!